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## THE FUTURE.—BY E. L. BUTLER.

"It seems to me, by the way, a singular thing that among persons about to die, we note so little of that anxious, intense, restless curiosity to know what will await them beyond the grave, which, with me, is powerful enough to conquer regret. Even the most resigned to God, and the most assured of revelation, know not, nor can dream of the nature of the life, of the happiness, prepared for them. They know not how the senses are to be refined and sublimated into the faculties of a spirit; they know not how they shall live, and move, and have their being; they know not when they shall see, or what they shall hear; they know not the colour, the capacity, of the glories with which they are to be brought face to face. Among the many mansions, which is to be theirs? All this, the matter of grand and of no reverent conjecture—all this, it seems to me, so natural to revolve—all this I revolve so often that the conjecture incorporates itself into a passion, and I am impatient to pass the open gate, and be lord of the eternal secret. Thus, as I approach nearer to death. Nature and the face of things assume a more solemn and august aspect. I look upon the leaves, and the grass, and the water, with a sentiment that is scarcely mournful; and yet I know what else it may be called; for it is deep, grave, and passionate, though scarcely sad, I desire, as I look on those 'the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether indeed, such things I shall see no more—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast; or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould. Whether, in the strange land that knoweth neither season or labour, there will not be, among all its glories, something familiar. Whether the heart will not recognise somewhat that it has known, somewhat of the blessed household tones, somewhat of that which the clay loved and the spirit is reluctant to disavow. Besides, to one who, like us, has made a thirst and a first love of knowledge, what reticence, as well as divinity, is there in that peculiar curiosity which relates to the extent of the knowledge we are to acquire. What after all, is Heaven but a transition from dim guesses and blind struggling with a mysterious and adverse fate to the felicity of all wisdom—from ignorance, in a word, to knowledge—but knowledge of what order? Thus, even books have something weird and mystic in their speculations, which, some years ago, my spirit was too engendered with its frame to recognise; for what of those speculations shall be true—what false? How far has our wisdom gone towards the attainment of a true morality; how near has some daring and erratic reason approached to the secret of circulating happiness round the world? Shall he whom we now condemn as a visionary be discovered to have been the inspired prophet of our blinded and deafened race? and shall he whom we now honor as the lofty saint, or the profound teacher, be levelled to the propagator and sanctifier of narrow prejudices; the reasoner in a little angle of the great and scarce discovered universe of truth; the moral Chinese, supposing that his empire fills the map of the world, and placing under an interdict the improvements of a nobler enlightenment?"

A. But to those—and how many are there?—who doubt as the future world itself, this solace of conjecture must be but a very languid and chilled exertion of the mind.

L. I grant it. I am not referring to the herd, whether of one faith or another, or of none. I have often pleased myself by recalling an anecdote of Fuseli—a wonderful man, whose capacities in this world were only a little part developed; in every thing of his, in his writings as well as his paintings, you see the mighty intellect struggling forth with labor and pain, and with only a partial success; and feeling this himself—feeling this contest between the glorious design and the crippled power—I can readily penetrate into his meaning in the reply I am about to repeat. Some one said to him, "Do you really believe, Mr. Fuseli, in the future existence of the soul?"—"I don't know," said Fuseli, "whether you have a soul or no, but I know that I have." And really were it not for the glorious and all-circulating compassion expressed by our faith, it would be a little difficult to imagine that the soul, that the dead to immortality, were equal in all—equal in the dull, unawakened clod of flesh which performs the offices that preserve itself, and no more, and in the bright and winged nature with which we sometimes exalt our own, and which seem to have nothing but man about them but the garments (to use the Athenian's familiar metaphor) which they wear away. You will smile at my pedantry, but one of the greatest pleasures I anticipate in arriving at home—as the Moravian sectarians so endearingly call heaven—is to see Plato, and learn if he had ever been; as he himself imagined, and I am ready to believe, in a brighter world before he descended to this. So be witching! is the study of that divine genius, that I have often felt a sort of jealous envy of the living Platonist—Taylor a man whose aims to have devoted a whole life to the contemplation of that mystical and unearthly philosophy. My ambition—had I enjoyed health—would never

have suffered me to become so dreaming a watcher over the lamp, in another's tomb; but my imagination would have placed me in an ideal position, that my restlessness forbade me to reality. This activity of habit, yet love of literary idleness—this planning of schemes and conquests in learning, from which one bright smile from Enterprise would decoy me, when half begun, made C—call me, not unaptly, the most extraordinary reader he ever knew—in theory. I see, by the by, that you are leaning upon the life of Lord Herbert of Chesham;—will you open a page in which I have set a mark? We were speaking of the soul, and that page expresses a very beautiful and eloquent, if not very deep sentiment on the subject. Will you read it?

A. Certainly.—"As in my mother's womb that formatrix which formed my eyes, ears, and other senses, did not intend them for that dark and noisome place—but as being conscious of a better life, made them as fitting organs to apprehend and perceive those things which occur in this world,—so I believe, since my coming into this world, my soul hath formed or produced certain faculties, which are almost as useless for this life as the above named senses were for the mother's womb; and these faculties are Hope, Faith, Love and Joy, since they never rest or fix on any transitory or perishing object in this world—as extending themselves to something farther than can be here given and indeed acquiesce only in the perfect Eternal and Infinite."

\*Socrates.

The following sketches are extracted from the columns of the New Orleans Bee, written by a correspondent of that journal in Washington. They are, we suspect, from the pen of one who has before given similar sketches of distinguished Americans to the Public.—*Nat. Int.* MR. JOHN BELL AND MR. WHITELEY.

MR. BELL has found it necessary to defend himself, in a speech made a few days ago, from the attacks of the Globe, which charges him with procrastinating the business of the House. Mr. Bell being now a prominent member of the body to which he belongs, I propose to give a brief sketch of him, with perfect impartiality, in this letter. In person Mr. Bell is above the middle size, and well looking. His countenance is grave and pensive, but occasionally, though seldom, irradiated with a smile, which scarcely ever extends to a joyous laugh. His temperment appears to be nervous and melancholy, and he does not seem to relish society. His reserve gives him the semblance of coldness; but his feelings are warm, and his heart open as day to melting civility. In his deportment he is always courteous and kind, and in all his actions fair and honorable. What cultivation his mind has received, I am not prepared to say; but I presume it has been such as most young men in this country receive.

His mind is, by nature, clear, analytical, and capable of great intensity of application. He thinks deeply, and is often while walking or exercising, abstracted and thoughtful. When a subject is presented to his mind, he examines it carefully and long, till he makes himself master of it, and understands it thoroughly. His judgment has not been impaired by the sophistry of the bar, and the indiscriminate advocacy of right and wrong which the practice of the law too often requires. Hence his decisions, as a Speaker of the great legislative assembly of the nation, were, I believe, always correct, and never reversed. In this situation questions of no complexity are often presented for immediate decision, and a presiding officer of ordinary capacity is apt to become embarrassed; but he seldom failed to give satisfaction to all parties. This, too, was the case in the appointment of committees, in the selection of which he endeavored to be as strictly impartial as possible; and on that account was esteemed by all. He was never thrown off his poise, or annoyed by appeals, and his personal influence was such that he always commanded the attention, confidence, and obedience of the House. As parliamentary speaker he ranks among the first in this branch of the National Legislature, though he is some what too diffuse, and what our Eastern brethren would call lengthy. He proceeded from the influence of his mind, and the deep interest he takes in the subject which he is discussing. There appears to me, however, to be a want of concision in his elaborate speeches which lessens their effectiveness; but they contain, nevertheless, much thought and correct information; without great polish or eloquence of style; it is, however, vigorous and perspicuous, without any pretension. Col. Bell does not often address the House, but when he does, he always comes prepared to "battle the watch" and attack the citadel. He is a formidable antagonist, and in the field of argument is not often overthrown. His voice is strong and well toned, and his action neither too vehement nor too tame. Col. Bell is a man of business habits, attentive to the subjects submitted to him, never flinching from any subject, however odious, and always prepared to act on whatever may be before him for decision. He is the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs,

to which subjects of a complicated and troublesome character are often referred, and he is always among the first that attend, and but seldom fails to understand the business to be transacted, and to report it to the House.

The act of the House is, however, Mr. Whiteley, of Ohio, chairman of the Committee of Claims, whom the members call the Chancellor of Congress. Early and late you may see him poring over the petitions, resolutions, and other papers submitted to his committee, and culling and arranging business for the action of the House. His labor and assiduity are extreme, and his usefulness as a legislative operative beyond all price. He has no ambition to shine as an orator, but speaks, when he attempts it, (which is seldom,) with clearness, and to the point. Such is the confidence of the House in his discretion, and the correctness of his judgment, that the bills he reports are but seldom rejected. Such men are more useful in a legislative body than the most finished orators, and the country derives more benefit from their labors and services than from all the declamation in the world.

### MR. SENATOR WRIGHT.

MR. SILAS WRIGHT made his first appearance in Congress at the close of the administration of John Q. Adams. He was then, as he now is, considered as a man of superior ability. Since he has had a seat in the Senate of the United States, his conduct has been such as to give offence to no one, and though he is devoted to his party, firm and immovable in its support, he is not blind to the merits of his political opponents, or so warped by prejudice as to shut his mind to the evidences of truth or the force of reason that may be furnished by those who hold the party to which he belongs. There is about Mr. W. an appearance of great candor and fairness in his replies to the able and eloquent men of that body who are opposed to the present Administration; and he parries the deadly blows which they aim at it from time to time, with a coolness, discretion, and modesty that every one is forced to admire. He is perhaps a little too apologetic; and apparently too anxious to avoid giving offence, but it has the effect which courtesy and politeness generally produce. He is listened to with attention, and answered with good feeling. Mr. Wright has no acrimony in his character, and he never attempts to retort with bitterness, or to aim at anything brilliant and sparkling. His seem to be the temper and disposition of the philosopher; he reasons coolly and dispassionately, and expresses himself with great ease, propriety, and neatness; and in a manner that is not calculated to give offence even to the most excitable. His manner is unembarrassed & prepossessing, though his voice has not that agreeable intonation of harmony and cadence we could wish in one whose intellectual operations are so lucid. He is subtle, eloquent, and determined, though mild and affable. Mr. W. does not often address the Senate, and what he says has therefore greater weight and effect than perhaps it would have were he to speak more frequently. No one listens to him with indifference, even his driest dissertations, because he always discovers a fund of good sense in all he says. He never seems to labor for effect, or to be thought a great orator—he is ingenious, subtle and clear, but not declamatory or impassioned. He seeks not the clasp-traps of the orator, but pours out his thoughts in a clear and constant stream, and strives to satisfy the reason without being particularly anxious to charm the imagination. His words are things, though *Epea pteroenta*, well chosen and well placed, forcible and impressive. The arrangement of his arguments is equally judicious, and the hearer has no difficulty in following him through his most elaborate efforts, and comprehending all he advances. Like Pitt (to whom by the way I do not mean to compare him in general) "his speeches have no classical allusions, no embellishments from ancient literature, no pomp of erudition, he seldom quotes, but rather produces the ideas of other men in his own words." In short, his great merit consists in a fund of good sense, the *principium et finis* of eloquence as well as of fine writing.

In person Mr. Wright is about the middle size, compact, well proportioned, but somewhat inclined to the *ebon* point. His eye is gray, his features regular, and his complexion florid. He is certainly a talented representative of the "Empire State," and holds a high rank among the galaxy of genius and intellect in which he is now placed.

A very entertaining article in the last Asiatic Journal, on the subject of

"Rejected lovers," enumerates some striking as well as startling love adventures which have occurred among the society of the English in India. We give below the most remarkable anecdote which is told in the circles of Madras.

An affection had sprung up between two young persons acquainted with each other from childhood, which received the approbation of their mutual friends: the youth of the parties, however, the lady being only fifteen, and the gentleman three years her senior,—rendered it advisable that the marriage should not take place until both had reached a more mature age. The failure of some expectations obliged the lover to accept a cadetship, and, with the full consent of his relations, he went out to India under an engagement to send for his betrothed as soon as circumstances would admit of his taking upon him the expense of maintaining a wife. The youth continued true to his first attachment during a considerable period, and the receipt of the lady's portrait, which was forwarded to him just as she had attained the full bloom of womanhood, shewed that the promise she had given of beauty had been more than fulfilled. At length, feeling himself to be in a condition to support increased establishment, he wrote to the lady; requesting her to come out to him, and she, never having thought of any one else, obeyed the mandate as soon as it was possible for her to embark upon her voyage. Some delay had taken place in consequence of the death of her father, and the gentleman at first grew impatient, then angry; and finally meeting with somebody who struck his fancy, transferred his affections to a new object. While in the height and frenzy of this passion, news reached him that his first love was upon her way to India; and he was obliged to make arrangements for her reception at the house of a female acquaintance, and to proceed himself to Madras to give her the meeting. She arrived, delighting all who beheld her with the beauty of her person, the elegance of her manners, and the accomplishments of her mind. Captain S— was considered to have gained a prize, and she, in the fond expectation of the warmest welcome which love could give, awaited an interview which was to lead to an union of the most indissoluble nature. The gentleman made his appearance, but the coldness and constraint of his manner shewed that all was not right. He either averred his eyes, or raised them in displeasure at an object formed to attract and captivate, and refusing an invitation to dinner upon the plea of an engagement, quitted the house, leaving the fair stranger in dismay at conduct so cruel and so unaccountable. Adding insult to injury, the instant took every opportunity which offered to utter slight and disparaging remarks to one who had anticipated the most affectionate treatment. At length, the change in his sentiments was so glaringly displayed, that she felt obliged to inquire the cause and to come to a final explanation. He then acquainted her with the truth, taking no pains to spare her feelings in the recital, and offering some provision if she chose to remain in India. Indignant at a conclusion so different from that which she had a right to expect, and disgusted by the conduct of the man who had induced her to quit kind friends and a home for a long and dangerous voyage, in the full confidence that she was seeking the arms of a protector, she declared her intention of returning to England, nor could she be dissuaded from a measure resolved upon in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, though several families of the highest distinction entreated her to make their houses her home; and though the gentleman of the presidency shewed an earnest desire to induce her to give herself away in marriage. Too deeply distressed in mind to think of the latter alternative, she sought her native shore, where but for some unfortunate circumstance, she might have found peace. Her mother had died during her absence, and imagining that she was provided for, left her so small a portion of her own very limited property, as to oblige her to be in a great degree dependent upon her aunt. The treatment which she experienced under the roof of this relative surprised and alarmed her; upon some pretext or other, she was sent away whenever any visitors came to the house, and at length, when a party were to assemble, was told that she must not make her appearance, as her returning unmarried from India had given the world reason to suppose that her own misconduct had caused the non-fulfilment of her engagement, and the ap-

parent disinclination of other gentlemen to form an alliance with her. She had never contemplated such a view of the case, and conscious of innocence, immediately made up her mind to go back to Madras, and oblige her faithless lover to vindicate the fame which he had so deeply injured. The spirit which had prompted her to leave the country which had been the scene of disappointment and insult, supported her through her new determination, she proceeded without delay to London, where she found the captain who had taken her out, and brought her home again, upon the eve of sailing. He instantly offered her a free passage, and other friends coming forward to assist her with pecuniary means, she embarked for the second time, and pursued her voyage. Her beauty remained unimpaired by the trials she had encountered, and her manners and disposition having lost nothing of their attraction, she won the heart of a fellow passenger, a colonel in the army, who was repairing on military duty to Ceylon. She would not, however, consent to enter into an engagement with him until she should have procured a written testimonial from the pen of her first lover that she had given him no cause for the imputation which had been cast up to her, either through his own report of the affair at home, or the uncharitable supposition of the world. No argument could induce her to forego this resolution; and, notwithstanding the colonel's unwillingness to submit to what he considered unnecessary delay, she went to Madras. Captain S— was up the country at the time, but letters were immediately despatched to him, demanding the contradiction of the scandal; meanwhile, the resident at Madras came forward in the handsomest manner with assurances of respect and regard, and in due course of post the document arrived, which she had travelled so far to obtain. She had now to all appearance surmounted the evils of her destiny; the purity of her fame was established, and an impassioned lover waited to receive her hand. The colonel had commissioned the captain of the ship to make several expensive purchases for his bride at Madras; these had all been embarked for Ceylon, but the lady for whom they were intended did not live to accompany them. The excitement, which had so wonderfully enabled her to leave every difficulty, having ceased, she sunk rapidly, and had scarcely received the congratulations of her friends upon the triumph of her innocence, before the pulsations of a too deeply agitated heart stopped, and life ebbed away. This melancholy event occasioned the deepest regret to all the society of the presidency, and it is still remembered by many with almost undiminished sorrow."

### FEMALE AUCTION AT CON-STANTINOPLE!

From the freshening enjoyments of the bath I started off, with the Armenian guide, for the Aural Bazar, where instead of robes and weapons they deal in beauty and blood. The only being who there appeared to excite any great degree of interest among the purchasers was a young Georgian, surreptitiously taken several years since from her native province, and brought to the city, where she was purchased by a Jew; who to enhance her value placed her in a situation, where she had acquired many pleasing personal accomplishments. The violent death of her attentive proprietor had perhaps hastened her disposal; at least it was the reason of the sale being more public than is usually the case where an individual so sweetly recommended in her charms is to be purchased. She appeared to be about fifteen years of age, yet, at that period to have obtained her full stature, and a maturity of form which after years may confirm but not improve.—She had on an extremely thin and pliant robe, which every breath of the breeze that was fanning her form, displayed its rich and graceful proportions. Her carriage was free, easy, and winning, and betrayed a retiring consciousness of her exposed condition. There was something in her air which seemed to evince a slight humiliation and sorrow.

Several of the Turks present appeared very intent on her purchase; they watched her slightest motion with that yearning fondness which one reveals when surveying a fascinating object only beyond his possession. They presumed not to lay a hand even on the borders of her dress, or to lift the thin long veil that would have quite concealed her beautiful face, had she not permitted the ruffling air now and then to carry it partially aside.

The female servants that attended her stood near by in respectful silence, and evident grief, at the thought of their separation from their young mistress. My eyes were so attracted to the rich flow of her chestnut hair, as it floated down her shoulders in long luxuriant festoons, and to the swimming softness of her large blue eye, which her stirred veil occasionally disclosed, that I did not at first notice the excitement which the sale had created among the bystanders.—A number of offers were made, rising above each other in quiet succession till the last, reaching twenty seven hundred dollars, created for some time a breathless pause, when one of the company, stepping to the salesman, said something in a tone altogether inaudible, and the auction of charms closed. It was instantly rumored that the individual who had made the last and successful offer, was an agent of the Reis Effendi, who intended to make a present of this beautiful Georgian to the Sultan. This appeared to reconcile in some measure the unsuccessful competitors to their disappointment, although they turned away from the spot with the look of one who has locklessly lost an invaluable treasure.—Colton's visit to Constantinople.

A Candidate for office in Illinois thus addresses the citizens:—

To the Voters of Adams County:—Fellow citizens:—In soliciting your suffrages for the highly responsible office of county Commissioner, I deem it an act of justice to myself, and of duty to you, to declare implicitly the presentments which have governed my private life, and which (by your leave) shall in future direct my public and official conduct. Aware of my own want of qualifications, and the superior attainments of my numerous deponents, I was at first unwilling to run the race; but being a democrat of the Jeffersonian school, and reporting the right of every indivisible, however weak and humble his pretences, to be a candidate, when he and his friends has a mind to it, alter many unsuspected calls, I dissolved to obey their motion and take the field. I have not mounted a stump, fellow citizens, for my habits unfit me for expressing my feeling in such an imminent attitude; but I can sit down quietly in a corner of the fence, and show you my fundamental colors upon paper. Since I am a candidate, I wish to be elected, for no man, (who is not above or below a human) can run for an official post without a desire of excess.

As to my price-apples, which are various and implicated—1st. I am again the abolitionist, tongue, tooth and toe-nail. 2nd. I am opposed to money-pulleys of every sort and kind. 3d. I don't believe in Dandy Aristocracies of no stamp or dye. 4th. I go in for practicable economy, and if elected won't take more than a dollar a day; whereas the present incumbents of the office get a dollar and a half. 5th. I want every man to have a road to his house, and another from it, if he wants and can get it; and every man to move a public road out of his fence, if it is not more than forty rods off. 6th. I am a friend to the poor; I think the rich should be taxed for their pennynill, and no puppet sent out of court unheeded. 7th. I'm again this suppressive bull law, of which I've heard so much. I don't admire a stump bull in fly time, but the concern is his and his owner's, and I don't see why a poor man have not as much right to a bob-tail bull as a rich man have to a short horn bull. I condemn the law as invading private rights in the person of a bull, and I think the law should be "so tender of his feeling as to give him a remedy." If I'm elected, I never will appoint a bull suspect in the county.

It is so common for Demagogues to harangue about reform and refreshment, when they want to get into office, and after they have got in to do just as their successors did before them, that I'm most afraid you won't hardly believe me; but if I don't tell the mark I have made, I wish I may be jumped up.

I will exclude this supposition of my views, fellow citizens, with the following matter—"First be sure you are ripe and then go it—go it with a perfect looseness!" Respectfully, your fellow-citizen,

RICHARD OWEN.

Well, Sam, shall we have rain or snow about these times? Oh, I don't know, replied Sam, looking wondrous wise, but I am inclined to think we shall have rain, or it may be snow that will depend very much on the weather.